

WEATHER FORECAST

Generally fair tonight and Sunday; continued warm.

Greencastle Herald.

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VOL. 3. NO. 63.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

THREE JUNE ENGAGEMENTS

PROF. KLEINSMID ENTERTAINS ABOUT SIXTY GUESTS AT A LUNCHEON LAST NIGHT AND ANNOUNCES THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF MISS MABEL BONNELL AND MR. N. WARRING BARNES, BOTH OF THE UNIVERSITY.

MISS BURNSIDES IS TO WED

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Burnside, Will Mary Texas Man—Two Engagements Made Public at An Event at the Burnside Home Last Evening—Miss Essie O'Daniel Also to Become a Bride.

At a luncheon given by Prof. R. B. vonKleinsmid at his home on east Seminary Street last evening the engagement of Miss Mabel Bonnell and Mr. N. Warring Barnes, both of the university, was announced. The date of the marriage was not announced. Both Miss Bonnell and Mr. Barnes are connected with the university. Mr. Barnes is professor of rhetoric and Miss Bonnell is Librarian.

About sixty guests were entertained by Prof. Kleinsmid. The affair was a most pleasant one, the guests

being entertained on the lawn.

Prof. Barnes, of the department of rhetoric, fell in love with the bride-elect when she assisted him in research work preparatory to starting a journalistic course at DePauw. They have worked together in the library during his year's research and the courtship will result in an early marriage.

Prof. Barnes came here from an assistant's chair in Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware. He was graduated from Columbia University and is well known over Indiana as a result of his work in journalism. Miss Bonnell was graduated from De Pauw four years ago and has been college librarian for two years. She is a member of the Alpha Phi sorority.

A beautiful party was given last night at Maplecrest, the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burnside. It was in the nature of an announcement of the wedding of Verna Belle, daughter of the host and hostess to Mr. Charles Sheeks of Beaumont, Texas, and Essie O'Daniel to Mr. Ralph Gwinn of New York City.

The spacious porch and grounds were decorated with flowers and lanterns. The guests, about eighty in number, were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Burnside and their daughter, Nina. At eight o'clock the guests assembled in the hall and marched thru the hall into the double parlors, to the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding march played by Miss Gladys Rogers, where, in the archway the prospective brides were seated. Above them was suspended a large floral heart, from which hung a veil of pink and white ribbons which enveloped the brides. At a given signal each guest detached a ribbon tied to a small pink heart, on each side of which was written in gold the names O'Daniel-Gwinn and Burnside-Sheek. Then a program of toasts followed with Miss Nina Burnside as toastmistress. The toasters included Misses Coffing, Sturn, Evans, Dorothy McCloud, Landes and Mrs. Curtis Hughes. Miss Jay sang "I Love You Truly," and Miss Rogers played Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," after which Misses O'Daniel and Burnside responded.

The out of town guests were Misses Edith Davidson, Petersburg; Myrtle O'Daniel, Cloverdale; Charlotte Kennard, New Albany; Edna Byler, South Bend; Emma B. Kessler, Veedersburg; Sara North, Rising Sun; Mrs. Olin Walker, Mrs. Merle Walker, Misses Emma Clinton, Grace Walker, Lela Hohn and Josephine Barrows of Indianapolis.

Stop a Moment!



Are you going to buy a hat? Did you ever wear a Hawes? We sell this hat because we think it the best. Give us an opportunity to show them to you.

SUTHERLIN

COMMENCEMENT TO-NIGHT

Annual Exercises of the Monroe Township Schools to be at Brick Chapel This Evening at 8 O'clock—Six to be Graduated From High School.

FIFTEEN FINISH GRADE WORK

The graduation exercises of the Monroe Township Schools will be at Brick Chapel tonight at eight o'clock. The program is as follows:

Prayer, Rev. Dick.
Music, Bainbridge Orchestra.
"Boy's Rights," Reid Tustison.
Music.
"Bill Smith," Muriel E. Hainey.
Music.
"Change," Pearl M. Young.
Music.
Address, A. W. Conner, of Lafayette.
Music.
Presentation of Diplomas.
Music.
Benediction.

The graduates of the high school are: Glenn W. Hubbard, Earl Etchison, Minor Pickett, Maude E. O'Hair, Emma A. Ross, Pearl M. Young.

Graduates of common school Fred Hall, Willie Bain, Fred Nelson, Will J. Steele, Reid Tustison, Forest C. O'Hair, Claude H. Hughes, Grace H. Steele, Ada L. Singleton, Muriel E. Hainey, Gracie L. Coffman, Ira Pierce Hanks, Rachel M. Hubbard, Raymond W. Etchison, Florence O. Calloway.

Teachers, High School, Charles H. Money, Birdie Lane; common school, C. E. Knaier, Etta McFadden, Kate Keough, Mary Burks.

MARSHAL USES AN AUTO

Marshal Reeves went to Terre Haute yesterday to arrest a man by the name of Virgil Pounds, a chafeur, wanted for violation of the automobile speed limit and for scaring a horse so badly that it ran into a fence and was permanently injured, found that his man had left Terre Haute when he arrived there. He learned that Pounds had gone to Rockville.

Pounds is a demonstrator for the Terre Haute automobile company. Marshal Reeves, when he learned that the man was not in Terre Haute rented an automobile and went to Rockville, where he believed that he would find the man. He was not there, however, and then the Marshal went to Belmore. There he found Pounds and arrested him. The prisoner gave a cash bond of \$50 for his appearance here Monday morning.

While driving through Putnam County Pounds scared a horse belonging to Guy Jackson.

A CORRECTION

Roann, Ind., June 2, 1908.
M. F. C. Tilden, Greencastle, Ind.
Dear Sir:

In your issue of May 26 (of Herald) I notice your assertion that Bishop Hughes is the youngest man ever elected to that high office.

In the interest of accuracy I want to state that Bishop Jones was only 37 when he was elected and church historians tell us we never had a greater bishop than he.

Yours Sincerely,
Charles H. Smith, D. P. '02.

"UNCLE" JOHN'S BIRTHDAY

"Uncle" John Burk celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday yesterday at his home on Franklin Street. The affair was purely informal. Many friends from all over the city called upon Mr. Burk during the afternoon to congratulate him upon the event and to wish him many happy returns of the day. Mr. Burk is hale and hearty for one so advanced in age, and seems good for many other birthdays yet to come, and his many friends hope that he will fulfill the promise his health now holds out to him.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Otis Allen and Iva E. Perkins.

Calendar of Commencement Week

Sunday, June 7, Baccalaureate Day.

9:00 a. m. Class meeting led by Dr. Swahlen.

10:30 a. m. Baccalaureate sermon by President Hughes.

7:30 p. m. University sermon by Rev. Luther Freeman, D. D. First Methodist Episcopal Church, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Monday, June 8.

Monday, June 8, 8:30 a. m. Senior Chapel exercises.

9:30 a. m. Final inter-class debate.

10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Exhibition of the School of Art, Halls Libraries and Laboratories open to visitors.

10 to 5, Open Tennis Tournament.

2:30 p. m. Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees and Visitors.

7 p. m. Annual Festival of the School of Music in Meharry Hall. A small admission will be charged.

8 p. m. President's and Trustees' reception to the Senior class, at the President's residence.

Tuesday, June 9, Class and Alumni Day

8:30 a. m. Alumni Chapel.

9 a. m. Class Day Exercises.

10 to 5, Exhibition of the School of Art.

12 m. to 3:30 p. m., Trustees' dinner to Alumni, Alumni Business meeting and toasts at Woman's Hall.

3:30 p. m. Alumni Varsity baseball game.

4:30 p. m. to 8:30 p. m. Class Reunions. The classes of '68, '78, '83, '93, '98 and '03 are due at this commencement.

8:30 p. m. Senior Class play, "The Man Without a Chapter".

Wednesday June 10, Commencement Day.

10 a. m. Address before the class of 1908 by the Rev. William Fraser McDowell, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Chicago

RUN TEMPERANCE SALOONS

Brazil Saloon Keepers Will Retain Buildings and Wait for Tide to Turn Again.

SELL ONLY SOFT DRINKS NOW

The saloon seems to be passing in Brazil, as almost every week sees one or more of them retire from business as far as the saloon part is concerned because of their licenses having expired.

Today Cox Brothers, who have been in the saloon business here for a great many years, will finish their affairs in the business, as their license expires today.

Next week, we are informed, the licenses of James Bain and Neal Carr will expire, and more will follow in quick succession.

Said George Cox of the above firm, this morning: "The future of the saloon business in this city is uncertain. We will probably remain in the room where we are for a time, and will conduct what is known as a temperance saloon, selling cigars, soft drinks, lunch, etc."

It is believed that many others in the business now will do as the Cox Brothers mention, and was done by the Nick Powers saloon. They will try to hold the rooms they are in until the fate of the contest in the remonstrances in the Third and Fourth Wards are determined, as all the saloons in these wards. It is said saloons are in these wards. It is said that there are twenty-two saloons in the Fourth Ward, or much more than in any other ward in Brazil, hence it is not to be wondered at that the fight should be made there.

It is said that some of the saloon men propose to hold the rooms they are in and drift into other lines of business as soon as their licenses expire. One thing is certain—there will be plenty of temperance saloons in Brazil after a while.—Brazil Times.

ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT

Closing Exercises of the DePauw Preparatory School Last Night in Meharry Hall Before Good Audience.

ADDRESS BY DR. J. P. D. JOHN

A large audience assembled in Meharry Hall last night to hear the commencement exercises of the DePauw Academy. The academy's final exercises have always drawn good crowds and last night was no exception to the rule. The fact that Dr. John was to speak was also responsible for the attendance of many citizens.

The exercises began with an excellently rendered violin solo by Miss Matern. The invocation was given by Bishop Hughes. A delightful vocal solo by Miss Coffin came next, and was well received by the audience.

Dr. John's address was one of his best efforts. Nothing further than this need be said of it. Dr. John's addresses are celebrated for their eloquence, their depth of thought, their inspirational power. He spoke last night on the theme, "What Next," a theme very appropriate for a graduating address. He pointed out the possibilities that lay before the young graduates, in eloquent words offered advice that should be taken seriously.

The diplomas were presented by Professor Kleinsmid, Principal of the Academy, and benediction was pronounced by the Rev. O'Haver.

CHILDREN'S DAY SERVICE

"Among the Flowers," is the Children's Day service to be given at the Christian Church at 7:30 p. m. tomorrow evening. Following is the program:

Prelude, organ.
Opening chorus, Misses Kaufman, Kelley, Rambo, Ratcliffe.
Reading from Psalms, by the Superintendent.

Our Welcome Song, by School.
The Beginning of Children's Day, Christian Bicknell.

A Cluster of Violets, Catherine James, Jessie Evans, Dorothy Jordan.

Praise Him, Primary Class.
Birdie's School, Mabel Dodd.
Just a Little Child, Jean Grinstead.
A Message of Summer Time, Olive Shaver.

What They Stood For, Ruth Grinstead, Jessie Bicknell, Mabel Shanek.

The White Daisies, Girl's Chorus.
Recitation, Margaret Bicknell.
Dolly's Lullaby, Ruth Harris.

Speech, Lucile Evans.
Strew the Blossoms, Garnet Hurst.
Strewing the Blossoms, Mabel Mercer, Erle Ewing, Louise Carpenter, Elizabeth Daggy, Genevieve Daggy.

Golden Sunbeams, Leah Sears.
Violin Trio, Messrs. Stevenson and Anderson, Miss McKamle.

Summer Time, Olive Shaffer, Bonnie McCurry.

The Legend of the Rose, Elizabeth Landes.

Birdie's Lullaby, Jeanetta Long.
A Word From the Pastor, Offering Benediction.

ROLLER EARNED \$18,000

NEWMAN, Ills., June 6.—Dr. Roller, of Seattle, Wash., who is visiting here, has a most remarkable record in the sporting world. He was born just north of this city in 1876. A brief synopsis of his athletic accomplishments includes a period of only two years of professional work. Frank Gotch failed to throw him in one hour and lost the match. Twice Roller has thrown Fred Beell, both times decisively. He has never been thrown to a bridge but once and then only for two seconds. He is regarded as one of the leading surgeons of the far Northwest.

He stands six feet without shoes and weighs 210 pounds. He is thoroughly temperate in all his habits. He is one of the most interesting characters the sporting world has known in years. He has earned \$18,000 by his matches during the last six months.

Has Been Kept Busy.
Within the last eighteen months

he has defeated Jack Carkeek, Farmer Burns, Frank Gotch (handicap), Jesse Westergard, Emil Klank, Ole Donaldson, Victor McLaglen, twice, and Fred Beell twice. While in Chicago Wednesday morning, Roller sought Gotch and received every assurance that the Seattle match for July 1 was on.

"I consider Gotch the greatest wrestler and one of the greatest athletes the world has ever known," Roller said. "Of course, I figure I have a chance with him or I would not have made the match."

"Wrestling is having a great boom in Seattle. The smallest house I drew there was \$2,600. And the largest \$4,600. Gotch and I will draw close to \$10,000."

ALPHA GAMMA INSTALLED

This afternoon at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Blanchard, the Eta chapter of Alpha Gamma Delta was installed. The members of the new sorority are Virginal Cravens, Hardsburg, Ind., Louise Brown, Lafayette, Alma Hall, Cambridge City, Beulah Huber, Thorntown, Ethel Frank, Hobart, Jennie Wright, Salem, Hazel Doering Evansville, Juanita Aydelotte, Crawfordsville, Clara Jakes, Lafayette and Blanche Ayres, Red Key.

Yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Blanchard the young ladies gave a reception to the visiting delegates, patronesses, and Dr. and Mrs. Hughes. The installing delegates are Miss Jean Whitley, of Syracuse University, and Miss Alice Evans of Wisconsin State University. The following Greencastle ladies are the patronesses: Mesdames Blanchard, Gough, Seaman, Landis, Coss and Dunbar.

The Alpha Gamma Delta sorority has chapters at the following universities: Syracuse, Wisconsin, Wesleyan, at Middletown, Conn., Minnesota State, Kentucky State and Ohio State.

SIX INJURED IN EXPLOSION

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 6.—(Special to the Herald.)—An explosion in the building of the Presto Light Company here this morning wrecked the building and badly injured six men. The explosion caused a wall in one of the St. Vincent's Hospital buildings to fall and almost caused a panic at the hospital.

THE BIG FOUR IS MOVING

OFFICES OF THE RAILROAD ARE BEING TRANSFERRED TO THE NEW STATION AT THE FOOT OF MADISON STREET—TRAINS WILL GO OVER THE NEW LINE AFTER 11 O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING.

FREIGHT OVER THE OLD LINE

Local Business to be Handled Over the Old Right of Way For a Few Weeks Until Affairs at the New Station Has Been Straightened Out—New Track And Cut Off is Completed.

After eleven o'clock tomorrow morning the Big Four trains will use the new cutoff and the new Big Four station at the foot of Madison Street will be occupied by the offices of the railroad company. Moving of the offices of the railroad began this afternoon and will continue until everything is transferred to the new building. The work of moving probably will be completed Monday.

The freight business will be transacted at the old depot for a few weeks, however. That is the local freight business. The through freights will run over the new line. The local freight business will be handled at the old depot until things at the new depot are straightened out. The new depot is virtually completed and the new right of way is done.

Temperance Meeting.

All women of the city and neighborhood who are interested in temperance are asked to meet in the court house assembly room at nine o'clock next Monday morning, June 8, for important business.

Executive Committee.

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Buggies, Cultivators, Disks, Gang Plows, Sulky Breaking Plows, Walking Breaking Plows, Hay Tedders, Cream Separators, Ranges, Cook and Heating Stoves, Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Wire Fencing, all kinds of Tinware and Cooking Utensils, Tubs, Wash Boilers, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes, Refrigerators, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Lawn Swings, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Screen Wire, Window and Door Screens, Nails, Hinges, and many other articles.

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And in order to do so will make greatly Reduced Prices. I mean what I say!

If you will call and get prices you will be convinced—you can't afford to miss this sale.

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THE HERALD

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DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

GOVERNOR,
 Thomas R. Marshall, Columbia City
 LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
 Frank J. Hall, Rushville.
 JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,
 M. B. Lairy, Logansport.
 ATTORNEY GENERAL,
 Walter J. Lotz, Muncie.
 SECRETARY OF STATE,
 James F. Cox, Columbus.
 AUDITOR OF STATE,
 Marion Bailey, Ellettsville.
 TREASURER OF STATE,
 John Ischbacher, N. Manchester.
 APPELLATE JUDGE,
 E. W. Felt, Greencastle.
 REPORTER SUPREME COURT,
 Burt New, North Vernon.
 STATE STATISTICIAN,
 P. J. Kehlheiser, Indianapolis.
 STATE SUPERINTENDENT,
 Robert J. Aley, Bloomington.
 FOR CONGRESS,
 Ralph Moss, Clay County.
 JOINT-SENATOR,
 F. C. Tilden, Greencastle.

ROBBING GRAVES.

Not since the good old days of King Henry VIII has any political party claimed omniscience until Attorney-General Bingham spoke at Brazil. The old cry, based on ignorance and fostered by deceit, "the king can do no wrong" was resurrected again with all its musty grave clothes upon it by the learned attorney general. With him it is not the king but the Republican party that is infallible, omniscient and divine. The Republican party is right, always has been and always will be. And yet even Bingham acknowledges that there must be reform. Isn't that a doubtful admission for omniscience and infallibility? And how, too, about the panic, and to come nearer home, how about the grafters in Marion County? Really some strange things have happened in a party that is always right. But then Bingham did not say who the party was right with. Perhaps he omitted to mention that he meant that it was right with the trusts, the bootleggers, the stand-in men and with Bingham.

The proposition that the Republicans are putting forward that if county unit local option is adopted, a township in a county that votes wet will still have the right of remonstrance is dangerous and misleading. All lawyers who have discussed the question are of the opinion that when the county has voted on the question the right of remonstrance will be invalid within the district voted. The theory is that the people of the townships voted, and by that vote expressed their willingness to abide by the decision of the majority. This act destroyed the power of remonstrance. Should the supreme court take this view, and county unit law pass, many of the townships in Marion, Vigo and all counties having large laboring

THE MEETING OF TWO OF FATE'S CURRENTS

A woman lay dying. No one was with her except her son, a boy of ten years. She looked at a shelf over a fireplace and tried to speak. The boy, knowing she wished to speak of something on the shelf, took up various articles on it, at every one of which his mother gave a negative sign till he came to a small lacquered box, at which she began to mutter. He took down the box, went to the bedside, put his ear close to her lips and tried to distinguish what she wished to say to him. But he failed. The mother died before she could make herself understood.

After all was over and the dead had been laid away the little fellow closely examined the lacquered box. It was locked, and he had no key to open it. Taking it to a locksmith, he procured a key and unlocked the box, but found it empty.

The boy was left with nothing and was obliged to make his own living. The few articles of furniture were sold, realizing only a few dollars. His home had always been in the country, and he sought an abiding place and work on a farm.

Farmer Simpson agreed to take him. He was to do chores and such light farm work as a boy of his age might be able to do, such as feeding the stock, milking the cows and weeding. He was permitted to go to school for a portion of each day, though this was for his employer's as well as his own benefit, for little Belle Simpson, seven years old, was sent to school, and the boy was her protector over the two miles between the farm and the school-house.

And so Benny Rengeralt grew up the protector of a child who came to be a woman. Strange that her father should not have expected that the two would pass from the friendship of childhood to the love of youth. In truth, he never realized that his daughter had grown to womanhood till after it was too late. Then when he began to consider which one of the neighboring well-to-do farmers' sons she would take for a husband he discovered that she and Ben were welded together. They might be parted, but it would be like tearing up two clinging plants by the roots.

Nevertheless he resolved to do so. Ben was twenty-two years old and had accumulated nothing. Indeed, he had never been paid anything to accumulate. He was told to go, and there seemed nothing for him to do but get work as a farm hand wherever he might. But he had been an apt scholar and was fairly well educated. He resolved to go to the city and seek a business situation. When he parted from his sweetheart she told him that she would never marry unless at some future time she might marry him.

Five years passed. Ben was receiving a small salary. Neither he nor Belle had married, but Farmer Simp-

populations, or large cities, would be likely to be taken back into the wet column. It is a great risk, and many townships that are now dry express themselves as unwilling to run the risk. In township local option the remonstrance might be tried, and failing, the vote by local option might follow in the hope that some who had not the courage to sign might vote in secret. The county unit would give no such option.

It has come to a place where even a politician who boasts of himself and his action in the open and vulgar way that Attorney Bingham does, not raises the gorge of even his friends. And the delicate of nerve are also worried by his use of the English language. Here is his own view of himself publicly expressed:

"I and Governor Hanly have accomplished more in the cause of temperance than all the other forces in the state for the last twenty years."

Really most people thought the temperance gain was due to the remonstrance. Bingham only became busy when the campaign opened.

Thinks it Saved His Life.

Lester M. Nelson, of Naples, Maine, says in a recent letter: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery many years, for coughs and colds, and I think it saved my life. I have found it a reliable remedy for throat and lung complaints, and would no more be without a bottle than I would without food." For nearly forty years New Discovery has stood at the head of throat and lung remedies. As a preventive of pneumonia, and healer of weak lungs it has no equal. Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store, 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

son was as inexorable as ever.

Fate works in strange grooves. While all this was passing one of her other currents was flowing on to meet the one recorded. One day a woman, seeing a red flag before a house, entered and found an auction. She bought several knickknacks, including an old lacquered box. It was coming to pieces, and she secured it for 15 cents.

Some months after this purchase one of Ben Rengeralt's friends called his attention to a personal advertisement which concerned him. It said that if he would call at a certain street and number of a certain town he would hear something to his advantage. He was naturally very much surprised and went at once to the place designated. He was received by an elderly lady.

"Are you Benjamin Rengeralt?" she asked.

"I am."

"Did you ever see that box?" pointing.

Ben looked at the box.

"No," he said. "I never saw it before."

She saw that he was endeavoring to recall something and gave him time. That quick springing plant memory had taken root in his brain, and while seconds were being ticked away it was growing. It had been excited by the box, which he had not seen for nearly twenty years. Again it stood on the shelf over the fireplace. Then he saw his mother looking toward it, her efforts to tell him something concerning it, her failure.

"Yes," he said. "It belonged to my mother. When she was dying she tried to tell me something about it, but her voice failed her before she could do so. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it at an auction, intending to use it for trinkets. But it was coming to pieces, and I tried to glue it together. Failing in this, I tried to fasten it with nails. Under the hammering it broke apart and revealed a false bottom. See."

She took out the upper bottom and disclosed a small paper book with a number printed on the cover. She opened it and showed him his name. It was a savings bank book. There were deposits entered in it, the last having been made more than seven years before. The aggregate deposits were \$3,000. The accumulated interest would amount to nearly twice as much more.

"It is yours," she said. "Doubtless your mother had long been saying it for you. I am glad to be the means of its return to you."

And so it was that the mother's intentions were carried out in time and when perhaps they did the most good. Ben married his sweetheart, invested his fund in business and is now prosperous and happy.

HELEN V. WEED.

THEY ARE SENSITIVE

Brazil Papers Attempt to Refute the Charge That Miners Dynamited Fish of Eel River.

George Dodd of this city was on the banks of Eel River the other night and positively knows that the men who dynamited the fish, which the Greencastle Banner claimed were Clay County miners, were in fact persons living in Putnam County, and in all probability near or in Greencastle.

Mr. Dodd said that after the explosion he observed two men leave the banks of the river and go east towards Greencastle. This is evidence that the men were not Clay County men, but in all probability the real dynamiters endeavored to lay the blame to the Clay County fishermen. The explosion was not a loud one, but of course it could be heard for some distance in a quiet place like Greencastle, where the crack of a toy pistol startles the community.—Tribune Times.

Dreamers.

There was never so much need for real dreamers as there is today. The business man, caring only for "his beef, his beer and his pew in eternity," will laugh scornfully and want to know how his balance sheet would appear if he gave way to dreaming, forgetting that his operations originated years ago in the vaguest visions; also that happiness is not a necessary complement of a heavy cash box.—London Academy.

Can't Afford Him Now.

Lily Bell—No, Rufus. Ah ain't marry yo' just yet awhile. Y'll hab to wait. Rufus—Why for mus' I wait. Lily Bell? Lily Bell—Cause three of the families mammy washes for done quit her, an' now she scud'ly makes 'nough to support me an' paw.—Judge.

The Source Told All.

"What'd Jimmy give yer fer yer birthday?"
 "This here brass ring."
 "How'd yer know it ain't nothin' but brass?"
 "He give it ter me."—Cleveland Leader.

There are nettles everywhere, but the smooth, green grasses are more common still.—Mrs. Browning.

FOR REALISM.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Injunction to a Small Nephew at Play.

A story about Robert Louis Stevenson not generally known, according to the New York Sun, is told by Mrs. Stevenson's grandson, Austin Strong.

When Mr. Strong was a little chap Mr. Stevenson liked to sit propped up in bed to watch him at play in the next room. And often it happened that the bigger boy of the two would make suggestions for the make believe games and insist that they be carried out too.

One day Austin had arranged some chairs in a row, playing that they were ships, and he, standing on the front, was the captain. For a long time he proudly walked the deck of his vessel, encountered pirates and weathered all kinds of storms until he felt the floor positively heave under his feet.

Mr. Stevenson looked on in perfect silence, but complete absorption, no doubt playing the whole thing much the harder of the two. Finally Austin got tired of his vessel, climbed off his chair and began walking across the room to some object which had attracted his interest.

This was too much for his uncle. Still deep in the game, Mr. Stevenson rose in his sickbed and shouted excitedly at the recalcitrant sea captain: "Swim, — you, swim!"

A WARM RECEPTION.

It Gave the Hungry Preacher an Appetite For Dinner.

Before accepting an invitation it is as well to be sure it is given in good faith. After an afternoon service held many years ago in a certain village in Scotland the preacher, a stranger, who had officiated, accompanied one of the elders of the congregation home and was introduced to his wife. The good man having asked the clergyman to stay to dinner, the latter, after a little pressing, consented.

The good lady hurried off to prepare for the unexpected guest, and, seeing, as she thought, her husband washing, as was the custom in those days, at the family sink, she seized the family Bible, approached stealthily from behind and brought down the ponderous tome upon his bald pate, exclaiming: "Tak' ye that for bringing hungry preachers here to dinner every time they come to the parish."

As soon as the assaulted one could get the suds out of his eyes he looked about him and, after thinking the matter out, concluded that the old lady had made a slight mistake. She, too, came to the same conclusion when, on returning to the parlor, she beheld her husband patiently waiting for his reverend friend!—Dundee Advertiser.

Artificial Teeth.

It is certain that the ancients had a knowledge of dentistry, but it is difficult to determine when or by whom the use of artificial teeth was introduced. Herodotus says that the Egyptians had "dentists for the teeth." In the British museum there are various dental instruments which had been found in the ruins of Pompeii, and Galen in the second century describes the method of extracting teeth by means of forceps. Belzoni says that artificial teeth were in use in antiquity, since he found some specimens in the catacombs.

Modern dentistry admits that the first to teach how to make artificial teeth was the Arabian Albucaiss, and in his work "Al Tarif" are drawings of instruments used for this purpose.

The earliest known allusion to artificial teeth is by Martial in the first century: You use without a blush false teeth and hair. But, Laelia, your spirit is past repair.

—Minneapolis Journal.

Won In Spite of His Lawyer.

A once well known attorney used to tell a good story on himself. He had been retained to defend a counterfeiter and advised him to plead guilty. His client did so, and as there was in the mind of the court a fixed idea that if a prisoner pleads guilty he does so because he has no attorney the judge asked him why he made that plea.

"Because my lawyer told me to."

"Did he give you any reason for it?"

"Yes. He told me I would have no show before this judge."

The court flared up and ordered a plea of not guilty to be entered, and the counterfeiter was acquitted.

Memory.

If it should be asked what possession I most valued, I would say some beautiful memory. Memory is possession. It is the only thing on earth that is absolutely ours, which no one can take from us. We can produce and enjoy it in a crowd of uncongenial people as easily as if we were alone. No noise can drown its voice; no distance can dim its clearness. Strength, hope, beauty, everything else, may pass. Memory will stay.—Selected.

The Ignorance of Youth.

She—You said that I was necessary to your happiness. He—I was young then and very ignorant. I had no conception of relative values. She—What do you mean? He—I mean that I didn't know a necessity from an affliction.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Worse Than Waiting.

"Are you waiting for me, dear?" she said, coming downstairs at last, fixing her hat.
 "Waiting?" exclaimed the impatient man. "No; not waiting—sojourning." —Yonkers Statesman.

Look forward, not backward. Do not repay slander with slander. If a serpent stings you, do not bite back at him.—Exchange.

Seizing the Opportunity.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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The Alders' week end party was in full swing. The girls, in dainty muslins or smartly tailored linen suits, were strolling about, with the men in white flannels, making a charming picture on the green lawn and shadowy piazzae.

Mrs. Alder was swinging in the hammock, pushing herself back and forth with her daintily shod foot, while in a cozy armchair by her side sat Fred Marshall peacefully smoking his pipe.

"It strikes my verdant young brain," he began, "that it's about time those two people were married, settled down and lived happily afterward."

He pointed to a couple in the swinging seat under the maple tree.

"Married!" echoed Mrs. Alder.

"Married is the exact and, I believe, correct word," reassured Fred. "You should understand the significance of the word, my dear Dolly. You're married yourself, if I'm not mistaken."

"Why, Billy Richards would never dare to ask a stunning girl like Martha Vandercreek to marry him. The idea is preposterous!" said Dolly Alder as she gave herself a vigorous push.

"Want to bet on it?" asked Fred. "My dear boy, it would be like robbing the blind. Billy Richards is a sort of tame cat to Martha. You can generally find him purring to himself in some corner, and in case she wants him he's very apt to stretch himself and come at her bidding, but marriage—never!"

"I'll grant you there's something of the feline in him," said Fred. "He's—"

Martha clutched the rail.

"Is this a proposal, Billy?" she asked in odd tones.

"I guess it is, dear—at least," said Billy as he put his sunburned hand over hers. "I've been trying to ask you for the past seven years, and now I've done it all of a sudden, with the kitchen furniture thrown in. What's my answer?"

Billy was eagerly waiting for the answer when a tall colored man dressed in black frock coat, white tie and vest and silk hat touched him on the shoulder.

"That's the stove, sir, and here's the parson," and with a low, sweeping bow, but in hand, he bent his old back before them.

The situation was irresistible, and all three, regardless of race, creed or color, joined in a hearty laugh. "I'm afraid the odds are very much against me," parried Martha. "It would seem that the only way out of it is for me to say 'Yes.' Let's go home and tell Dolly."

As a rule, Billy was not considered a charitable man, but he turned to the old colored preacher who had helped to shape his destiny and handed him a crisp yellow backed bill.

"Treat the congregation to popcorn and lemonade, won't you?" he said as he followed Martha down the runway.

They were soon rounding the point, and in great glee they landed at the Alders' front. The house party awaited them on the piazza. Billy helped Martha across the lawn, over many imaginary stones and up the steps. His face had taken on a boyish look, while Martha was more beautiful than ever.

"I wish I had a lemonade," sighed Paul Westover.

"All right," said their host. "What will you have, Fred?"

Fred glanced first at the young couple, who had just stepped on the porch, then slowly turned and looked at his hostess, Dolly Alder.

"I believe I'll take a pint of peanuts, if you don't mind."

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DRINK PATENT MEDICINES

Doctor Declares Action Should be Taken Against Users of Prepared Medicines—Should be Included in Pledge.

Water intoxication, induced by too copious use of water externally or internally, was pointed out last night by Dr. L. D. Mason, vice-president of the American Society for the Study of Inebriety, Alcoholic and Drug Neurosis in an address to the inmates of the Washingtonian Home on "Why Men Drink." He declared patent medicine drunkenness almost as prevalent as the generally recognized forms.

"We are all creatures of habit and our best men and women are susceptible to habit. Thousands are victims of patent medicine drunkenness," said he. "Most of these patent medicines are 75 per cent cheap whiskey."

"This really is a serious question for temperance societies. When they secure a pledge against the use of patent medicines."

I have a friend who is a victim of aquamania," said he. "He spends hours in a bath tub and drinks so much water that he has reduced the solids of his body and worked serious injury to himself. Many men and women are victims of that form of intoxication."—Chicago Tribune.

Equally Divided.

"During the civil war," says the Boston Transcript, "the law school at Cambridge was presided over by Professors Parsons, Parker and Washburn. They were divided in their political views, and each did his best to maintain his opinion."

"Professor Parker was one day asked, 'How do you get along on politics at the law school?'"

"Nicely," he answered. "We are equally divided."
 "But how can that be?" continued the inquirer. "There are three of you?"

"Easy enough," replied the professor. "Parsons writes on one side and I on the other, and Washburn—she speaks on one side and votes on the other."

A Grand Family Medicine.

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BADGER & GREEN



A scene in "Escaped From the Harem," opening play by the Harris Comedy Co. next week.

A Subtle Distinction.

Ned, the friend of Bill, the fish merchant, surveyed him reproachfully. "Bill," he said solemnly, "I ain't the chap to round on a p.m., but that there fish you sold missus this mornin'—well, the cat ain't been near the house since and—"

"Ned," replied the friend of his youth sadly, "mine's a difficult job. I've got to make a living, and if the fish is good I sell it and does pretty well. If it ain't good I sell it and does pretty well also. It ain't my fault; I never sent the stuff wrong. But you're a pal o' mine, and I'll let you know 'ow you can find out for yourself 'ow things are."

"Yes," said Ned eagerly. "If you 'ears me shout 'Fine fresh fish!' you can reckon it is fresh fish, but if I shout 'Fish, oh!—well, it is fish, oh!'"—London Tit-Bits.

Moon Blindness in Horses.

It is said that "moon blindness" in a horse is caused by "wolf teeth"—two small surplus teeth just in front of the first upper premolars, one on each side of the upper jaw. An authority says: "The 'wolf teeth' do not cause eye disease or any other harm and usually are not discovered until the eye disease appears. The eye trouble is 'periodic ophthalmia' (moon blindness), which is hereditary and incurable. Thousands upon thousands of horses suffer from this eye disease, yet have not a 'wolf tooth' in their heads. The important matter to remember in connection with periodic ophthalmia is not the significance of the 'wolf teeth,' but the necessity and importance of rejecting from breeding operations all afflicted with periodic ophthalmia, or catarrh, which results from repeated attacks."

Do You Count Your Steps?

Do you count your steps? It is a silly and useless practice, but at the back of his head this writer is always counting his steps. He can tell you the number of steps that lead from his flat in Kensington to South Kensington station (there is an unlucky thirteen at the station until he has mounted to the office window. And when he put the question to his wife she could not tell the number of the stairs she had climbed (they are twenty) for three years to the first floor flat.—London Chronicle.

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Ruth's Aunt Mehitable.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

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Hetty Peters sat gazing out of her window across the closely cropped lawn, past the garden of many hued roses and away to the woods, all white with dogwood and purple with violets. She held a letter in her hand. Not in many a long year had Hetty's face worn such an expression of woe.

"If you please, ma'am," awakened her from the trance. She turned to the cook and gave her orders for the day. Then, with a sigh, she opened the letter and read it:

Dear Aunt Mehitable—Papa and Jessie Miller will be married Tuesday morning and sail for Europe the same day on an extended trip. So I shall leave college and go home to look after you.

The Stirlings are here for the wedding. You know they are related to Jessie. Fred looks as old as his father. They have made a mint of money mining in Colorado and intend to buy back their estate and settle down as our nearest neighbors again. No place like the south, they declare. Papa invited them to make our house their home while negotiations are pending. Business will detain Mr. Stirling in Boston for a few weeks, but Fred will come to town with me. Expect me on Thursday. Your loving RUTH.

"Jessie's a dear soul. I hope they'll be very happy," Hetty murmured to herself, "but I never thought John would marry again. And Ruth coming back a year before I expected! This'll never seem like home to me any more."

Hetty Peters was single. She had never had a lover, had never looked for one and, incredible as it may seem, had never wished for one. She had been altogether too busy, first, in looking after a younger sister and brother, and, second, in caring for her delicate mother, to consider her matrimonial prospects. The brother and sister had grown up, married and moved north. Her mother's death had left her alone.

When her elder brother's wife died she had gone to live with him, and for several years her existence had been happy if monotonously uneventful. Now came the disquieting news of John's second marriage and of her niece's unexpected return.

Ruth had a decided predilection for managing everything and everybody she came in contact with. Her aunt had always trembled before her. Ruth was the only one who remembered her baptismal name, and Hetty detested it, but Ruth persisted in calling her Aunt Mehitable.

"Perhaps she intends to marry Fred," Hetty reflected hopefully. "If she does, of course he'll have to give in. He was a nice looking boy when he left. I remember I kissed him goodby, he seemed such a boy, and he is a year older than I am."

On Thursday Miss Peters was at the station when the northern train arrived. While she was watching the outcoming passengers from one car a hand touched swiftly her arm, and a pleasant voice exclaimed, "Hetty, you have not changed a bit since we parted."

"I've grown fifteen years older," she answered, giving her hand to a tall, bronzed, handsome man, whose dark eyes were scrutinizing her admiringly.

"I know it," he replied. "So have I!"

"Fred, loosen that checkrein, Aunt Mehitable, how could you drive this horse in such a condition? You really need some one to look after you!"

And Hetty realized, with a pang, that Ruth had come back to her own.

"No tea for me," she commanded at the dinner table. "Aunt Mehitable, I'm surprised at you! Any doctor will tell you that tannic acid is a rank poison. It's positively criminal to use tea or coffee when one can have fresh milk."

The next morning Ruth's sway began.

"Just up?" she called out as Hetty made her appearance at 7 o'clock. "I've been up for hours. I shall move the breakfast time an hour earlier, and you must come for a walk every morning before breakfast. It will do you a world of good." And Aunt Hetty, realizing the futility of argument where Ruth was concerned, miserably acquiesced.

"Is it possible you sleep on a feather bed?" exclaimed Ruth that evening, unexpectedly invading her aunt's room. "Don't you know that feathers are not sanitary? You need some one to look after you, Aunt Mehitable."

"I'm not so old as that," protested Hetty.

"It isn't altogether a matter of age; it's temperament. You take life like a grasshopper. You really do need some one. Of course you'll have me until—"

"Until you marry?" suggested Hetty. "I have been thinking of it," Ruth admitted complacently. "By the way, how do you like Fred?"

"I think he is in every way desirable. I don't believe any woman could ask for a better husband."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Ruth. "Was his father a good husband?"

"I do not remember Fred's mother. She died when I was very young. But I always understood they were very happy."

"I met Mr. Stirling frequently at Jessie's," said Ruth. "He came to Boston on business. If Fred is like his father I'm sure he'll make a good husband. We were talking about you this afternoon. He thinks you look younger than I do, and he thinks, as I do, that you need some one to take care of you. He really takes a great interest in you, Aunt Mehitable."

"He takes a great interest in you apparently, which is more to the point,"

ejaculated her exasperated aunt. "Do you mean to pretend that you don't want Fred to be fond of you?"

"Why, of course," asserted Ruth as she rose to leave the room. "Of course I hope Fred is going to be fond of me. I shall have that feather bed taken up to the garret tomorrow morning, Aunt Mehitable."

In the days that followed Hetty found herself taken in hand and "looked after" with a thoroughness that reduced her to the verge of melancholia. All her actions and movements were regulated by her energetic niece, who decided what she should eat, what she should drink and wherewithal she should be clothed.

"Ruth is so systematic," said Hetty loyally when Fred awkwardly attempted to console with her. "She has such executive ability. She's really wonderful."

"She is, indeed," Fred assented. "She is a perfect example of what the higher education can do for a woman. But, joking aside, I don't think she's an awfully good sort, and I'm fonder of her than any other girl I know. This is a very pleasant day. Can't you come for a row on the river, Hetty?"

"No. I have some work that must be attended to," she faltered.

"You haven't given me any of your attention since I've been here," he complained. "You're not treating me right, Hetty."

"But—Ruth"—Hetty began in surprise.

Fred rose to his feet.

"Hetty," he said, "I want you to know something. When I left for the west, you kissed me goodby. Oh, I know you felt nothing but friendship for your old playfellow, and it sounds silly to say, but it's true, I've never kissed another woman. I meant to tell you some day, and now that—"

"I understand," said Hetty softly. "Did she tell you?" he asked.

"Not in so many words, but I think she meant me to understand. I am so glad."

"It began last winter," said Fred. "I'm glad too. I think we're all going to be very happy."

"Aunt Mehitable," broke in Ruth's crisp voice, "here's a telegram from Mr. Stirling. He will arrive this evening."

The interruption was welcome to Hetty. She felt that she could not have endured another word.

Hetty spent the remainder of the day in her room. Fred and Ruth waved their hands gayly when she drove off to the station to meet Mr. Stirling.

How well they looked together, she thought. Something in the sight stirred a strain of sadness in her. She seemed to realize for the first time that she had been cheated out of her girlhood.

Absorbed in her sad musings, she absentmindedly took a turning which made her drive longer by half a mile. When she reached the station Mr. Stirling had already started for the Pines.

Hetty drove back slowly. The full moon arose and the air was sweet with the scent of roses, but Hetty had no thoughts for the beauty of the night.

She threw the reins to the stable boy and took a short cut to the house. She was in no mood to join the family party and intended to go quietly to her room.

As she passed the rose garden she caught sight of Ruth's white dress in the shrubbery. Ruth's face was upturned to her companion, and—yes, he had taken her in his arms. It was Ruth's kiss Fred would remember now.

Hetty sat down on a rustic seat under a live oak. The meaning of it all swept over her. She was thirty-four, and there had never been moonlight or a rose garden for her. She had always left love out of her plans for herself, and now it was Fred, Ruth's Fred, out there in the rose garden, and she was alone with the emptiness of thirty-four unloved years—alone and old. Her eyes filled with scalding tears, and she sobbed aloud.

"Why, Hetty, what on earth are you crying about?"

Fred sat down beside her and gathered her in his arms.

"Don't cry, dearest," he implored. "Tell me what the trouble is. Don't you want dad to have Ruth? Why, I—"

"Your father?" gasped Hetty. "Is that who she's with?"

"Why, of course," said Fred. "I told you all about it."

Hetty sprang up in astonishment. "I expected her to marry you," she cried.

He laughed softly.

"I didn't. She knew all along that I wanted to marry you. She's been doing all she could to make the match. She knew you needed some one to look after you."

The Seven Prophets.

"The late Duke of Devonshire," said a diplomat at a Washington dinner, "kept a stud and took a calm and dual interest in the races. There was a certain sporting paper that kept a large staff of prophets and always prophesied the outcome of important races. The duke for some reason put great reliance in these prophets and their prophecies. He always read the paper, and he continually recommended it to his friends. But once at Goodwood, at the day's end, a man came up to the duke and said:

"What of your paper now? Did you see it this morning? Six prophets prophesied that six different horses would win, and here only seven ran, and the winner was the seventh, which no prophet had selected. Well, what have you to say now?"

"All I have to say," the duke answered calmly, "is that there's room for another prophet on that paper."

An English Turf Tragedy.

Half an hour before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1883 Prince Batthyany, who bred St. Simon and who was one of the most popular racing men of any time, was talking with Lord Cadogan in the luncheon room of the Jockey club stand at Newmarket, when he suddenly reeled and fell.

He was carried to Weatherby's office, and doctors were summoned, but the prince was beyond all human aid, and just before the bell rang for the race for which his colt, Galliard, brother of St. Simon, was first favorite he breathed his last.

A few minutes later "the clear blue sky rang with cheers and shouts as the horses came thundering along, which rose into a roar as Galliard won by a head," while behind the drawn blinds of Weatherby's office Galliard's owner, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this moment, was lying dead. It was owing to the death of his owner that Galliard's great son could not run in the Derby of 1884, which he would almost certainly have won.—St. James' Gazette.

Curing Snake Bites.

Considerable difference of opinion exists with regard to a trustworthy remedy for snake bites. Dr. Lauder Brunton advocates the use of permanganate of potash applied immediately. Mr. Greengrass of North Arcot district Madras, however, as the result of various experiments states that acetic acid, even in the diluted form of vinegar, is an important and effectual remedy and it can be applied effectually as long as an hour or an hour and a half after the bite. Cases of recovery from snake bites have followed the application of vinegar after such intervals. An incision must be made over the bite, as much of the poison as possible squeezed out, and then vinegar is to be injected. If the bite is on a limb, a ligature must be placed above it. Mr. Greengrass records twenty-nine cases of recovery from cobra bites by such a use of vinegar. The one failure which occurred was due to the fact that no incision had been made over the bite. A similar treatment is recommended for the stings of scorpions.—London Standard.

Downing Street, London.

One of the smallest streets in the world is the smallest. This is Downing street, a dark little alley in the west of London. Here is the real center of the British empire, for it is at 10 Downing street that the premier has his official residence. Ever since Robert Walpole was the prime minister 200 years ago, the heads of the government have made their homes in this "alley." American tourists usually go out of their way to gaze upon the dingy, almost repellent exterior of this lodge of diplomacy and national ambition, because Sir George Downing, who laid out the street and built the house therein, was of American ancestry, his mother belonging to the Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay Colony, and stands as the second generation on the roster of Harvard college. After getting an American education he went to England and, seizing opportunity when it offered, became Oliver Cromwell's ambassador at The Hague.—Exchange.

Feeding the Stock.

The victim of the following story, told in Mrs. Henry W. Cole's "A Lady's Tour Around Monte Rosa," was possessed of a keen sense of humor. Otherwise his dignity might have been ruffled by the unconscious revelation which came to his ears. In the course of Mrs. Cole's travels she met the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the poet, who told her an incident of his early career in the pulpit. When he was first admitted to holy orders he was appointed curate in a rural Scotch district and lodged in the house of a small tenant farmer. Notwithstanding his office of clergyman the family did not appear to hold their boarder in high veneration, for one day he heard the woman servant call out to her mistress:

"Missis, shall I feed the pigs first or give the mon his dinner?"

An Erratic Echo.

The late Sir John Lubbock had traveled in most quarters of the globe. On one occasion when visiting Spain he was asked at a certain spot by a traveling companion to test the powers of what was declared to be a wonderful echo. Sir John, slowly and deliberately, in rounded tones uttered the words "Dun-dee Ad-vert-iser," the name of the paper he owned. "Dun-dee Courier and Argus," the name of the opposition paper, came back as the echo. Sir John's friends had played him a trick.

Tea Drinking.

Tea drinking was regarded as one of the feminine vices of a hundred years ago. The Female Spectator of that period observed: "The tea table costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse. It is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery and the source of idleness."—London Mail.

Vanishing France.

Old France is slowly disappearing, and its local customs, picturesque costumes and the language peculiar to its ancient provinces will very soon be come nothing more than precious souvenirs preserved in faithful memories or related in works of tradition, which will charm our descendants.—Petit Parisien.

A Slight Difference.

What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailer? One sells watches and the other watches cells.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but some folks don't have much trouble finding the other one.—Puck.

WHEN the DEACON CALLED.

[Copyright, 1908.]

About the time there was an escape from the asylum at Petersboro Farmer Gregg's sister, a widow, came for a visit. Mrs. Gregg proposed that they make a match between the widow and Deacon Watkins, and he was invited to call. One afternoon the farmer and his wife set out for town, leaving their guest all alone. This was the afternoon selected by Deacon Watkins for his call.

There were reasons why the deacon arrived at the Gregg homestead in a rather excited condition. He was kicked by one of his cows just before leaving home, one of the hogs got caught in the fence and had to be released, a stray bull that he encountered in the road ran him up a wild cherry tree, and in some of the adventures he lost a jackknife that used to belong to his grandfather. He was therefore more or less perturbed when he knocked at the kitchen door and then entered to find the widow asleep in the room beyond. He had turned to retreat when she awoke and uttered a scream at sight of him. She had been dreaming of that escaped lunatic. She had dreamed that he had his fingers on her throat and was choking her to death, and here he was before her! The deacon muttered his name and an apology, and the widow sat up. She had read and heard a great deal about lunatics and how they should be treated. This one didn't look very fierce, but she must be careful not to arouse him. She must be soft and gentle and dissembling. Therefore as soon as she could catch her breath she smilingly asked the deacon if he wouldn't sit down. He replied that he wouldn't sit down. He didn't ask for the Greggs. Not seeing them about, he inferred that they had gone to town.

The widow had been told always to look a mad dog or a lunatic in the eye. As she kept her eyes on the deacon she read cunning, craft and cruelty in his face, and she realized that her life was at stake. It was rather embarrassing for the caller, but he talked about Indians, Canadian thistles, potato bugs and the weather and grew more at ease as the minutes slipped away. On her part the widow tried to be as entertaining, but it was hard work. The fear was constantly present that the lunatic would suddenly break out and rend her limb by limb. She was hysterical, but she didn't cease to smile. When the deacon finally got around to tell her of his trials and misfortunes he found a sympathetic listener. She had read that she must always pretend to sympathize with the insane, and she made the effort of her life. By and by her caller went further. He said that when his dear companion died he made up his mind never to marry again, but it was possible that he would change his mind if he met the right party. It was lonesome living all alone and having no one to pet. It was so lonesome that sometimes he went out and sought the companionship of the oxen.

The widow had been told that she must seem to agree with a lunatic, and she heaved a sigh and replied to the deacon by saying that when she had laid her Joseph's coat the weeping willow she thought the light had gone out forever. Time had assuaged her grief and caused her to change her mind. She had come to feel that perhaps it was even her duty to marry again. She could cook, wash, bake, iron, make soft soap and all kinds of preserves, and for three years running her crazy quilts and rag carpets had taken first prizes at the county fair. The deacon then hinted that by hard work and industry he had accumulated about \$8,000 worth of property. The widow saw his object and stated that her Joseph left her about that amount and she had increased it somewhat. As a matter of fact, she lied about it, but she had read that one must always lie to lunatics, and she didn't propose to provoke the one before her.

Deacon Watkins became interested. He admired. He would come again. If his lost relief was to be replaced, Indiana should have a fair chance in the race. He liked that smile. He liked that chatter. He liked a woman that could bustle with the housework and knew by instinct when a boiled dinner was ready to put on the table. He got up to go, and the widow felt that her life was saved. He lingered with his hand on the back of his chair, and her throat constricted. He might or might not have taken his leave as soon as he had finished telling her that he thought ailing humanity ought to drink more catnip tea when steps were heard outside. A hog buyer and a tin peddler had arrived in chorus. The widow cried, "Come in!" and they came, but the instant they entered she cried something else. Pointing to the deacon, she half shrieked:

"Secure him! He is an escaped lunatic!"

Then the deacon was thrown on his back and tied up with the clothesline and threatened with death, and though he stammered and stammered, no attention was paid to him. He was bundled into the drover's cart and jogged over to the asylum, and it was only then that any attention was paid to his remarks. When the Greggs returned and found out what had happened the farmer went over to see his neighbor. He found him sitting on the back doorstep with a lonesome look on his face.

"Oh, deacon, I have come over to say to you"—he began when the deacon looked up and carelessly interrupted with:

"Doggone it, you go to thunder!"

M. QUAD.

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NEAT AND UP-TO-DATE

Paper Hanging AND House Painting

Reasonable Prices
 No Disappointments
WELCH & LONSBERY
 Phone all Orders GLOBE STORE

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lv. G. C. for Ind. Lv. Ind. for G. C.	
6:15 a. m.	6:00 a. m.
7:15 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
8:15 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
9:15 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
10:15 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
11:15 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
12:15 p. m.	12:00 p. m.
1:15 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
2:15 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
3:15 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
4:15 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
5:15 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
6:15 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
7:15 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
9:15 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
11:15 p. m.	11:30 p. m.
*3:27 p. m.	*4:45 a. m.

* Freight trains.

Lv. G. C. for T. H. Lv. T. H. for G. C.

5:41 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
6:41 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
7:41 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
8:41 a. m.	8:30 a. m.
9:41 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
10:41 a. m.	10:30 a. m.
11:41 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
12:41 p. m.	12:30 p. m.
1:41 p. m.	1:30 p. m.
2:41 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
3:41 p. m.	3:30 p. m.
4:41 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
5:41 p. m.	5:30 p. m.
6:41 p. m.	6:30 p. m.
7:41 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
8:41 p. m.	8

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Kirby Allen is visiting in Indianapolis.

Miss Grace Ford will visit Indianapolis friends tomorrow.

Will Harris will spend Sunday with Greencastle home folks.

Mrs. Ada Day and daughter, Beatrice are visiting in Putnamville.

Miss Hattie Gautier of Vernon is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Doll.

Misses Nell and Leode Elliott of Indianapolis will visit home folks over Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers and daughter, Mrs. Hattie Dilley are visiting friends in Cloverdale.

Miss Reggie Horn of Putnamville attended the academy commencement here last evening.

James Maloney of Crawfordville came down last night and returned to his home this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hurst and daughters, Bonnie and Mabel, are visiting friends in Terre Haute.

Mrs. Charles Vanleave has returned from Indianapolis where she visited her brother for a few days.

Mrs. H. S. Renick is expected to arrive here from Houston, Texas, next week, to visit for the summer.

John Maloney, a prominent clothing merchant of Crawfordville, a former Greencastle boy, is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Ader of Chicago are here for a visit with friends and relatives. Mr. Ader is also looking after his business interests here.

C. C. Hurst is assisting in the County Auditor's office during the illness of Deputy Auditor Ben Curtis. Mr. Curtis is reported not so well today. He is suffering stomach trouble.

Mrs. Allan Buchanan of Brookville will be here to spend the commencement season. She will be the guest of Mrs. F. C. Tilden. Mrs. Buchanan formerly was Miss Mary Goodwin. Her brother, John Goodwin, also will be here for commencement.

Piles Cured at Home by Absorption Method

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P, Notre Dame, Ind.

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SAENGERBUND

INDIANAPOLIS, June 17-20 Special Service Low Rates.

ALL NEXT WEEK

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and Chestnut Sts.

The Harris Comedy Company



ROBERT H. HARRIS

The Best of Vaudeville Features, Challenge Band
and Orchestra

PRICES 10 and 20 Cents.

Under the famous Bernhardt Tent, and the clever young actor Robert H. Harris, supported by the strongest stock company ever organized. 50 people in all. The finest canvas theatre in the world, with extra large stage, electric lights, elegant scenery and folding opera chairs. Opening production.

"Escaped From the Harem"

Plays changed nightly

ICE CREAM

(Packed)

25 Cents a Quart
Delivered to any
part of town, any
time, any day.

BADGER & GREEN

West Side Square

Homer Harris will visit home folks at Bedford tomorrow.

Billy Harris, of Indianapolis is here to spend Sunday with his parents.

Charles McIntyre of Roachdale was here today taking the R. F. D. examination.

Mr. and Mrs. George Conklin, went to Brazil this afternoon to spend Sunday.

Mrs. George Cotton and Mrs. Daisy Steel will spend Sunday with Brazil friends.

Mrs. Knecht and daughter Cecilia of Brazil were calling on friends here yesterday.

The two new cottages built by Havens brothers on Green Street are about completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Omer Akers of Roachdale are visiting friends in Greencastle today.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Vaughn of Belle Union are visiting Mrs. Vaughn's parents.

The new Big Four station has its telephone in and the wires connected for electric lights.

Miss Esther Ludwig and Miss Caroline Appleby of South Bend are here for commencement.

Prof. Lee Neff of Chicago University, an alumnus of DePauw, of '82, is here for commencement.

C. Summer Woody is home to spend the Commencement season with his parents, Prof. and Mrs. H. G. Woody.

The Board of Review which has been in session since last Monday took a half holiday this afternoon.

Two of the members of the board were out of town making it impossible for the rest to work to advantage.

Ben Swahlen has gone to St. Louis where he will accept employment in a wholesale house during the summer.

Work at putting in the gas main on Hanna street between Bloomington and Locust streets was completed this afternoon.

Mrs. Roberts of New Albany who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. May Day has returned from a visit to Indianapolis. She will leave for her home tomorrow.

Rev. John Walker, formerly Prof. of Rhetoric and Oratory in the university, now pastor of the M. E. Church at French Lick and Mrs. Walker, formerly, Miss Nora Severinghaus are here for commencement.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Throop and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Poll of Carbon, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hand and daughter, Miss Irma, and Dr. J. Arthur Throop of Brazil, will spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wilton on South Indiana Street.

Dr. Thomas Bryan was here this morning on his way to Indianapolis from Chicago where he attended the Medical meeting. Dr. Bryan formerly lived here. He has been practicing near Mattoon, Ill., but has sold his practice there and will locate in Indianapolis.

The Harris Comedy will be in the city all of next week, showing on the Kreigh Lot, corner of Indiana and Chestnut Streets. They are appearing in Brazil this week, and judging from the flattering press notices they are receiving they have an exceptionally clever show. Mr. Robert H. Harris is the leading man of the company and is said to be an actor of real merit and is supported by an extra good company. Mr. Harris is a resident of Bloomington and he recently erected the Harris Grand there, one of the finest theatres in Southern Indiana. His tent show is well known throughout the state and they have a reputation of producing all their plays in a thorough manner as to costumes, scenery and electrical effects. The stage is an extra large one—in fact larger than in most of the opera houses. Opening production will be "Escaped from the Harem," and is one of the feature bills. New and clever specialties between acts, and a fine band and orchestra is also carried.

Chester Hunt is visiting friends in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Hetty Scott of Belle Union was trading here today.

Miss Mabel Dice left this morning for her home in Crawfordville.

Miss Helen Ruthenberger of New Albany is the guest of friends here.

Miss Ella Jones of Robinson, Ill., is visiting with Miss Mabel Geddes.

Mrs. Susie Kelley Fay formerly of DePauw is here for commencement.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gregory will visit their daughter, Ruth, during commencement.

Miss Hazel Foote has returned to Indianapolis after a visit with friends here.

Mrs. H. Smith of Kingman is visiting her daughter, Miss Leoma Myers during commencement.

Mrs. Ella Myers and Miss Shirley Maxwell of Crawfordville are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maxwell.

Mrs. May Kirke of Richmond, came this afternoon to nurse her niece, Mrs. Roy Dellinger, who is very low of tuberculosis.

Among the students leaving today were Miss Grace Priest to Evansville, Miss Pearl Omer to South Bend, Miss Jess Williams to Dale, Ind.

Dr. John Poucher now pastor of the M. E. Church at Petersburg, Ind. is here for commencement. Dr. Poucher's many years of work here in the university are well remembered.

Osmosis in Medicine.

Osmosis is the passage of a liquid or a gas through a membrane. Sometimes medicines are administered in this way. But how far we are from understanding the details of this subject as related to the human body is indicated by some experiments of Professor Louis Kahlenberg. All attempts to introduce lithium salts into the system by absorption through the skin have failed, and yet the same salts make their way readily through the mucous membrane. When the feet are soaked in a solution of hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, an alkaline reaction quickly takes place internally. But citric acid refuses to act the same way, although both of the acids have a similar effect when taken through the digestive tract. Sulphuric acid, then, has quite a different physiological effect when it enters through the skin instead of through the mouth. Living membranes act differently with regard to osmosis from dead ones, and the same membranes which behave alike with regard to some substances behave very differently from one another with regard to other substances.

A Foo to Malaria.

That most animals have some specific function to perform is well known. Now scientists claim that a species of fish exists in Australian waters which feeds on the larvae of mosquitoes and so reduces the prospects of malaria. It belongs to a family of carious or flesh eating fish which is frequently found in the temperate and tropic zones and usually in shallow water. Very small in size, being only about one and a half to two inches in length, it has, in the male, yellow and black striped fins, while the eye is of a bright blue. The fins during certain seasons of the year acquire great brilliancy.

SOUTH FINCASTLE

The Burket reunion was held at Milton Bowers' Thursday. The weather was fine, and a large crowd attended.

James Hartman and family spent Sunday at Frank Hathaway's.

George Williams and wife, Thomas Harvey and family, Robert Blaydes and family spent Sunday at Charles Crodian's.

Mrs. Mary Stultz and daughter and grand daughter spent Wednesday in Roachdale.

Henry Sweet and family visited relatives in Putnamville over Sunday.

Hazel and Mirth Hartman, Margaret Crodian attended a dance at Johnnie Clodfelter's Thursday night and a fine time is reported.

Farmers are very busy plowing corn in this vicinity.

Margaret Crodian attended Decoration services and ice cream supper at Putnamville Saturday and Sunday. She was the guest of Miss Ora Haymaker while there.

Monon Route Excursions.

To Des Moines, Ia., account annual conference German Baptists, June 1 to 5, inclusive, return limit, June 15, round trip, \$17.50.

To Louisville, Ky., account International Sunday School Convention, June 13 to 18, return limit, June 26, round trip, \$4.60.

To Chicago, account, Republican National Convention, June 13 to 16, return limit, June 27, round trip, \$5.40.

Homeseekers Excursions West, 1st and 3rd Tuesday each month.

Summer and all year tickets to Tourist points on sale daily.

J. A. Michael, Agent.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve Wins.

Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Less than half a 25-cent box won the day for me by affecting a perfect cure." Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store.

SUNDAY SERVICE CALENDAR

Events in Greencastle's Places of Worship Tomorrow Are Given Below—The Different Pastors and the Subjects of Their Sermons.

Christian Church

Rev. J. M. Rudy, Pastor.
The morning services of the Christian church will be dismissed to give all our people the opportunity of hearing the baccalaureate sermon to be preached at 10:30 a. m. in Meharry Hall by Bishop Hughes. We urge that our entire membership use the opportunity thus afforded. The Bible School will meet as usual at 9:30 in the morning. Let there be full attendance. In the evening "Children's Day" exercises. A fine program entitled "Among the Flowers" will be given. All should hear this. At the close of the regular weekly communion services. All offerings for the expenses of the church should be brought to this evening service.

Presbyterian Church

Rev. D. D. VanDyke, pastor.
The preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. will be omitted in favor of the university baccalaureate services. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Wm. Peck, Supt. Bible Class lecture by Dr. VanDyke, See Lev. 26th chap. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Choir meeting Saturday June 13, at 4:30 p. m. The regular preaching services June 14. The public cordially invited.

The University Services for Sunday.

The Baccalaureate service will be held in Meharry Hall at 10:30 a. m. President Hughes will preach on the subject "Curiosity and Duty." The following music will be rendered by a chorus under the leadership of Miss Jean M. Shupp:

Sanctus, Gounod, "I Waited for the Lord," Mendelssohn.

The university sermon will be preached at 7:30 p. m. in Meharry Hall by the Rev. Luther Freeman, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist church, Chattanooga, Tenn. Dr. Freeman is one of the most eminent men among the younger preachers of the country. He is a New Englander with a southern temper. In pastures in Massachusetts and Maine he made a remarkable record as a preacher, while in Tennessee he has been a pronounced leader in every good cause.

The students of the university and the people of Greencastle are very fortunate in having this opportunity to hear Dr. Freeman.

UNIVERSITY NEWS

Miss Beth Bushnell will visit The sisters here tomorrow.

Fred Whisler will leave for his home in Wabash tomorrow noon.

Mrs. Pulliam of Chanute, Kansas, arrived this afternoon to attend commencement here.

Ross Baker who taught this year at Danville, Ill., High School returned home last night. He will go to Danville next week to attend the commencement exercises there.

Members of the university senior class are requested to meet in the English room of the university on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock to arrange for the procession to Meharry Hall.

The last of the finals in the regular classes came off this morning. There are still a few classes that were postponed from Wednesday that will be examined this afternoon.

At a meeting of the senior class today final arrangements were made for the exercises to take place next week. Professor A. F. Caldwell was chosen to speak at Senior chapel on behalf of the faculty and Olin Eckley for the seniors. Senior chapel will be at eight-thirty Monday morning.

Mr. Herbert Cornelius of Indianapolis was elected President of the Indiana State Tennis Association at Bloomington yesterday. Mr. Cornelius is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and a prominent member of the Freshman class. H. J. Davenport of Butler was elected manager and George Beebe of Earlham secretary and treasurer. The meet will be held at Butler next year.

WHEN ALL ARE WED

Every Day Will be Sunday by and by At Morocco.

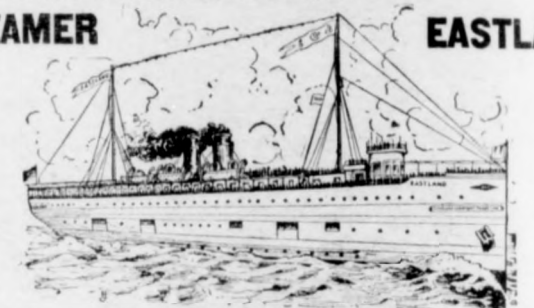
Sunday and Day are the names of two farmers near Morocco, Ind. Sunday has five sons and Day five daughters. Three of the Sunday boys have already married Day girls. With the other two brothers courting the remaining sisters, it looks as though every Day would be Sunday by and by.—Bedford Democrat.

DAILY—CLEVELAND TO CEDAR POINT—DAILY

When you visit Cleveland this Summer, don't fail to take a ride on the all-steel constructed, fleetest, safest twin-screw steamer on the Great Lakes.

STEAMER EASTLAND

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FIVE
HOURS
AT
THE
POINT

WON'T SINK AND CAN'T BURN
The EASTLAND, being of the "ocean type" of passenger steamer, and having eight hundred tons of water ballast in water-tight compartments below the water-line, moves faster and smoother in any kind of weather than any other steamer of its class on Lake Erie.

Leave Cleveland 8:30 A. M.
Arrive Cedar Point 11:45 A. M.
Leave Cedar Point 4:30 P. M.
Arrive Cleveland 7:45 P. M.
Free Dancing on Board. Connections made and THROUGH TICKETS SOLD to all points, Rail or Water.
THE EASTLAND STEAMSHIP CO. CLEVELAND

VAULT AND GESSPOOL GLEANING

Promptly and Properly Attended to.

FRANK KING

TELEPHONE 810.

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Plenty of "Good Things to Eat"

WAFER SLICED

Dried Beef, Boiled Hams, Pork Loin.

N. Y. Cream Cheese, Home-made Potatoes, Chips, Jones Dairy Farm Hams & Bacon.

Taggart's Machine BREAD

All kinds fresh fruits and vegetables.

Fat Hens, Spring Chickens, Crackers, Wafers, Pickles, Peanut Butter, Olives.

Prompt Delivery.

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PHONE 68

Are you a Renter, Paying from three to four dollars an Acre

And consequently not getting ahead as fast as you would like to or as you ought, considering the amount of work you are doing. You can quit being a renter and

BECOME A LAND OWNER

If you want to. You can own a farm in Lyman County, South Dakota, and soon become independently well off in a home of your own.

Have you accumulated some wealth and are now looking for a safe place wherein to invest it? You can find such a place in Lyman County, South Dakota.

Here are some facts about our land and they are the facts which make land owning profitable for the man who wants a home and for the man who wants an investment as well: Our soil is producing 40 to 60 bushels of corn to the acre, 15 to 20 of wheat, 30 to 60 of oats, 20 to 60 of alfalfa, 10 to 20 of flax and as good vegetables as are grown anywhere.

Here is the proposition: Is land that will do as above stated worth from \$15 to \$25 per acre? If it is and you want to know more about it write to,

J. M. DEVER, S. D.

Kennebec, S. D.

WANT AD COLUMN

Office Room for Rent—Inquire of George E. Blake. eod tf 11 chg

For Rent—Furnished Front Room, corner Poplar and Indiana Sts. 2t

Girl Wanted—Wanted a good girl for general housework. Inquire Mrs. Chas. Zeis, 305 E. Washington. 2t 63b-chg

A HERALD Want Ad Will Get It For You—1/2 Cent a Word